

Our Lady Peace, Supersattelite

I've read the bible, I've read Dylan,
And I'm reading people now
Because it's much more chilling
I sit, sit, on a satellite
With the stars made of gold
There's life in this hollow lens
well I know, know, i know, yea

supersatellite x4

I watch the traffic,
And I find the seeds, oh,
and one man in particular
well he's not what he seems
so i quick, quick
I can't focus in
On the lies in his head
Convinced, oh, that his blood is blue
well it's red, red, red, yea

supersatellitex3
super yea

And nothing dazzles me, I am in his dreams
And nothing is shocking, transparent human being

supersatellitex3
super yea
supersatellitex3
super, super, super

On the soul inside the world
Far better than the eye inside the mind
**** you, I am you, you hear me
Stop crying, stop crying